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## SOLD AT COST!

We have a few fine buggies and wagons in stock which we are offering for sale at cost. Come and see them and get prices, or drop us a postal and we will mail full particulars.

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FOUR FULL QUARTS

...OF...

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## The Journal's Daily Short Story

## Fishing

BY KEITH GORDON

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When the young man at last reluctantly furling his lines about the long poles and stowed them away as best he might in the covered buggy that he had procured in the village the shadows were already long and pensive.

When he reached the village the hush of early twilight lay on the broad, deserted streets which were almost deserted. Their very emptiness, however, was full of suggestive cheer. Pictures of broad, low rooms with bountifully spread supper tables, on which feathery biscuit, cold chicken and preserves made a tempting array, rose before his dreamy eyes; cheerful, natural faces loomed in the thick, red light of old fashioned lamps; the rag carpets, rocking chairs and secretaries—all the details of the rural household scene were vividly, pleasantly before him.

Behind him the long poles dipped with a rhythmic, monotonous motion as the horse jogged evenly along. At the crossing of two streets the slight, graceful figure of a girl paused for him to pass. In the shadowy light she seemed like a spirit—the spirit of the advancing night.

Thus sunk, lost, wrapped in reverie, he drove on, the poles waving up and down behind him like long, hungry tentacles, exploring the evening air for something to catch and hold. A jolt and a rumble and the buggy rolled over the crossing with an energy that sent the poles dipping lower than ever, and then the tentacles looked something hooked it tight and after a brief resistance on the part of the hooked thing, which manifested a strong inclination to remain where it was—lifted it high in a triumph and maliciously disappeared down the dusky street, leaving a paralyzed, shadowy shape staring after it with asseverated eyes.

For a moment the girl stood speechless, bewildered. To have her hat suddenly plucked from her head as if by a hand thrust from the sky in a sleepy little village of the new world—well, it was an experience that stopped her mental machinery with a jerk.

Had it been in Greece in the year something or other B. C. it would have been explicable as the deed of some goddess, jealous and angered at the beauty of her love of a hat. Jealous goddesses, she recalled, had done even more extraordinary things than snatching a mortal's hat.

Or had it been later, in mediaeval times, she might have ascribed this hat lifting to black magic. But in the United States of America in the year of 1905 neither of these explanations could hold, and that was the reason she stood as if she had taken root while these thoughts shot rapidly through her mind.

Meanwhile her hat, dancing up and down in a tantalizing, diabolical fashion, as if to wave her a mocking farewell, was being borne, slowly but inexorably, into the gloaming. Before she recovered the power of speech and motion the buggy was halfway down the block. She made a step after it, then stopped. She had a sharp, humorous vision of herself, hatless and disheveled, pursuing that dancing, mocking, bobbing will-o'-the-wisp of a hat through the village streets, making frantic, ineffectual jumps at it, as a dog at a biscuit held just beyond its reach, and the vision caused her to pause.

"Here! Oh, I say, stop, won't you?" she called imploringly, but the quadruped drawing the buggy proceeded with a dexterity that reminded her of the juggler who keeps four balls in the air at the same time, while the fall of its hoofs came to her in a more and more distant cadence.

"Oh, man!" she called desperately, but the owner of the fishing rods was wandering in a dream world, sniffing the damp, earthy, evening smells, communing with the approaching spirit of night, deaf to any but trumpet voices.

"Well!" she exclaimed explosively, with an energy that emptied her lungs to the remotest corners. "Well, I like that! I'd just like to know what I'm going to do?"

And in answer to the query the officious, obtrusive, subconscious self set her in motion, and she found herself heading toward her boarding place to the monotonous inward wail of, "And it's the only hat I have with me!"

Meanwhile the young man drove on musingly, blissfully, until he reached the house where he was staying, all unconscious of his latest and most unusual "catch." The light was streaming warmly from the windows as he drove past the side of the house up to the barn and jumped out.

At the sight of the dark object dimly visible at the end of his poles he stared in surprise. A moment later, when he had carried them into the patch of light from the nearest window, his hands dropped helplessly.

There it was, a trim, natty hat—a woman's hat, or, no, a girl's hat. Even to his groping masculine sense there was something coquettish, playful, alluring, about it. But there it was, held firmly as an ensnared fish by the two sharp hooks, surely the strangest object a fisherman ever caught.

"Where'd it come from?" demanded the boy who had come out to unharness the horse. Then, suddenly, as if the joke were just revealed to him, he burst into a loud guffaw, in which the young man joined in spite of himself.

Later on he worked it out. It must belong to the slender young girl who had waited for him to drive past. He

remembered distinctly now that she had paused there at a certain crossing, waiting for him to get by, a sort of shadow girl who had seemed a part of his musings. Doubtless she had passed close behind the buggy and the bobbing poles with the dangling hooks had parodied the tragedy of Absalom. But how should he find her and restore her lost headgear?

The same problem was tormenting the brain of the owner of the hat, and as a result the postmistress received two notices within the next hour with the request that she put them up in the postoffice.

"If the person whose carelessness"—the word "carelessness" was underscored—"led to the unlawful acquisition of a hat last evening will leave same with the postmistress the owner will feel in some measure placated," read the first one. And the second was like this: "If the owner of a hat that mysteriously disappeared on Tuesday evening will leave her name and address with the postmistress it will be returned immediately."

Before noon of the following day the young man, now thoroughly alert and no longer the dreamy, heedless fellow of the night before, might have been seen wending his way along one of the broad, shaded streets of the village, gingerly carrying a parcel wrapped in tissue paper. His anxious scrutiny of the houses showed that he sought some unfamiliar place, but at last, after a final vacillating moment, he opened a gate and went in.

In the comfortable, old fashioned parlor he waited for the owner of the hat; waited—though he did not know that until later—for the appearance of the lady of his life. It was not that she was wondrously fair or in any way distinguished, as the heroines of the story books always are. He never just found out why it was, but from the moment that the slender, girlish figure appeared in the doorway and turned quizzical eyes upon him his heart beat to a new, strong theme.

"But didn't you hear me call?" she asked when they had laughed, explained and apologized, he for capturing the hat and she for the underscored word in her notice. "Didn't you hear me about, 'Oh, man, stop?'"

He shook his head penitently, for even so soon it seemed incredible that with her voice calling he should not have heard. Then the talk turned to other things, and with a glad sort of a shock he discovered that in town they lived in the same square.

"And to think that I have never seen you!" he exclaimed with slow wonder, as if the thing were scarcely credible, and thereupon the girl laughed, for she had seen him again and again, always with a warm approval of his swinging gait and a certain air that said that he could look out for himself and somebody else beside. Once, she remembered, she had wondered who the somebody would be.

"Probably it's because you never fished for me before," she ventured mischievously, and then she caught her lip between her teeth and wished she hadn't spoken, for his face became very earnest, and there was a conquering ring in his voice as he answered slowly but determinedly:

"Perhaps so. But from now on I am going to fish for years if need be—fish until you yield from sheer weariness of seeing me sitting motionless on the bank—until I can win you for my own."

And he kept his word so well that now they not only live in the same square, but in the same house.

## SEWING MACHINES

...at...

## ...A BARGAIN...

As we are going out of the Sewing Machine business, we offer for sale at 3rd price thirty-five Drop-Head

## Wheeler &amp; Wilson Sewing Machines

Parties desiring a portion or all of these machines are invited to call or write us.

## Wm. Johnson &amp; Son

## THE AMATEUR CRACKSMAN

(Continued from Page Nine)

tell you or you're a dead man yourself!"

"I wish I was one," Butler sobbed. "I wish I had his revolver to blow my own brains out. It's lying under him. Oh, my God, my God!"

His knees knocked together; the frenzy of reaction was at its height. We had to take him downstairs between us, and so through the front door out into the open air.

All was still outside—all but the smothered weeping of the unstrung wretch upon our hands. Raffles returned for a moment to the house; then all was dark as well. The gate opened from within; we closed it carefully behind us, and so left the starlight shining on broken glass and polished spikes, one and all, as we had found them.

We escaped. No need to dwell on our escape. Our murderer seemed set upon the scaffold. Drunk with his deed, he was more trouble than six men drunk with wine. Again and again we threatened to leave him to his fate, to wash our hands of him, but incredible and unmerited luck was with the three of us. Not a soul did we meet between that and Willesden, and of those who saw us later did one think of the two young men with crooked white ties, supporting a third in a seemingly unmistakable condition, when the evening papers apprised the town of a terrible tragedy at Kensal Rise?

We walked to Maida Vale and thence drove openly to my rooms. But I alone went upstairs; the other two proceeded to the Albany, and I saw no more of Raffles for forty-eight hours. He was not at his rooms when I called in the morning; he had left no word. When he reappeared the papers were full of the murder, and the man who had committed it was on the wide Atlantic, a steamer passenger from Liverpool to New York.

"There was no arguing with him," so Raffles told me. "Either he must make a clean breast of it or flee the country. So I rigged him up at the studio, and we took the first train to Liverpool. Nothing would induce him to sit tight and enjoy the situation, as I should have endeavored to do in his place, and it's just as well. I went to his diggings to destroy some papers, and what do you think I found? The police in possession. There's a warrant out against him already! The idiots think that window wasn't genuine, and the warrant's out. It won't be my fault if it's ever served!"

Nor, after all these years, can I think it will be mine.

Pirating Foley's Honey and Tar. Foley & Co., Chicago, originated Honey and Tar as a Throat and Lung remedy, and on account of the great merit and popularity of Foley's Honey and Tar many imitations are offered for similar sounding names. Beware of them. The genuine Foley's Honey and Tar is in a yellow package. Ask for it and refuse any substitute. It is the best remedy for coughs and colds. W. A. D'Alemberte, druggist and apothecary.

## NOTICE

We have secured the services of E. M. Williams of Atlanta, who is an expert electrician, and we are now better prepared than ever to do all kinds of electrical works at moderate prices. Ring phone 570 and our representative will call on you. Estimates furnished on all kinds of work.

PENSACOLA ELECTRIC COMPANY.

205 S. Baylen St., Pensacola, Fla.

## \$25 REWARD



WARRANT for the arrest of this woman. She is about 26 years of age, weighs 135 pounds, thick, dark hair, high forehead, brown eyes, five feet high, wears No. 6 shoes, upper teeth gold filled and one crowned tooth. She has long fingers with round nails. Plump of figure and fairly pretty. Her maiden name was Thompson, which name she has possibly assumed.

Wire sheriff at DeFuniak Springs, Florida; \$25.00 reward for the child, Fisher Monroe Douglas. This woman, Florence Wood, kidnapped him from Freeport, Fla. on the night of September 6th, 1905. The child is 6 years old, fair skin, light hair, has upper fore-teeth rotted off; very plump, weight about 50 pounds; very bright child. Expenses paid both ways delivering child to DeFuniak Springs, Fla., in addition to the \$25 reward.

H. A. DOUGLAS, Father of the child, DeFuniak Springs, Fla.

## RHEUMATISM CAN NOT BE RUBBED AWAY

When the joints are sore and swollen, and the muscles throbbing with the pain of Rheumatism, relief must be had at once, and it is natural to rub the affected parts with liniments, oils, etc. This treatment does good in a way, by temporarily relieving the pain and reducing the inflammation, but has no effect on the disease itself, because Rheumatism is more than skin deep; it is in the blood and cannot be rubbed away. Rheumatism is brought on by indigestion, weak kidneys, poor bowel action, stomach troubles and a general sluggish condition of the system. The refuse and waste matters, which should be carried off through the natural avenues of bodily waste, are left to sour and form uric acid and other irritating poisons which are absorbed by the blood, making it thin, weak and acid. Then instead of nourishing the different nerves, muscles, joints and tissues it fills them with poison to produce the aches, pains and other disagreeable symptoms of the disease. Rheumatism is usually worse in Winter for the reason that cold and dampness are exciting causes. The nerves become excited and sting with pain, the muscles are sore and drawn, the joints swollen and stiff and the sufferer lives in intense agony; and if the disease is not checked it often leaves its victims helpless cripples for life.

Rheumatism can not be rubbed away but it can be driven from the blood by S. S. S. Being a perfect blood purifier this great remedy soon produces a complete change in the entire circulation; the thin, acid blood through the body nourishes and soothes the irritated nerves, eases the throbbing muscles, and dissolves and drives out of the system the irritating particles in the joints which are keeping up the pain and inflammation. S. S. S. cures Rheumatism permanently, and in addition tones up the digestion and stimulates the different members of the body to their full duty so there is no cause for another attack. Do not waste time trying to rub Rheumatism away, but get it out of the blood with S. S. S. so that the cold and dampness of Winter will not keep you in continual pain and agony. Special book on Rheumatism and any medical advice will be given free.

While at work for the F. C. & P. E. in the swampy region, I contracted Rheumatism and was completely helpless for about four months and spent over \$150.00 with doctors, but got no relief. I took a few bottles of S. S. S. and finally quit them and was cured sound and well. My health is now splendid, and I weigh 175 pounds. There is a lady living near me who is now taking S. S. S. for Rheumatism. For two months she has not turned herself in bed, but since beginning your medicine about three weeks ago has improved rapidly, and is now able to sit up. I can recommend S. S. S. to all suffering from Rheumatism.

Ulah, N. C. S. C. LASSITER.

I was severely troubled with Rheumatism. I had it in my knees, legs and ankles, and any one who has ever had Rheumatism knows how excruciating the pain is and how it interferes with one at work. I was truly in bad shape, having been bothered with it for ten years, on and on. A local physician advised me to use S. S. S. I did so. After taking two bottles I noticed the soreness and pain were greatly reduced. I continued the medicine and was thoroughly cured; all pain, soreness and inflammation gone. I recommend S. S. S. to all Rheumatic sufferers.

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